

# You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

## Chapter 146 - 150

Luckily, they didn't figure out her real identity.

As Clary, she had only helped Ellie by wearing her new designs in her live broadcast, but her looks were unforgettable.

Someone posted her photos online and raved on about how gorgeous she was.

Soon, a popular page reposted that post and caused Clarissa's popularity to skyrocket.

Clarissa had only helped Ellie model her clothes and had never done other photoshoots, but that didn't stop her from gaining popularity.

Netizens complimented her for being breathtakingly beautiful. Some even said she reminded them of their first love.

They hailed her as the prettiest model ever.

Clarissa hadn't read their texts yet, but Jeremy and the others immediately liked the post.

That caused the topic to trend even more.

The netizens started guessing that this model would soon end up with one of those rich brats.

In the end, the comments got stranger and stranger. Jeremy hadn't expected that.

He hurriedly informed Clarissa so Matthew wouldn't misunderstand their intentions.

Yarick sent a voice message in the group chat anxiously: "Clarissa, Jeremy and I did nothing but like the post. I can't believe how disgusting those people are! Do we fool around with pretty women often? How could they think that way? Jeremy can prove I never fool around with women!"

Jeremy's voice message followed: "Clarissa, Matt doesn't know about it yet, right?"

Clarissa heaved a sigh of relief. I thought it was something serious.

The photo from my model shoot is trending now. That might seem overwhelming, but at least my identity isn't revealed.

Anyway, I've only helped Ellie by becoming her model once. That was it.

Well, it's not that serious as Yarick and Jeremy thought.

"I don't think he knows. He doesn't use social media often. Besides, it's not that serious. No one knows who I am. It's just a photo."

"They will know! If they run a search, your friends will expose you willingly!"

Yarick added: "Jeremy, Clarissa doesn't want to reveal her identity. Help her out by removing her name from the trending topics. We'll be in deep shit if they discover who she is."

Henry: I'll do that. No one will reveal her true identity. Even if they do, their posts will get deleted immediately.

Clarissa let out a chuckle. She was grateful for their help.

"Thank you. Why don't you guys come to Zen Highlands one day for a home-cooked meal prepared by me?"

"Sure, sure. That's great. Thanks, Clarissa!" Yarick replied with a voice message hastily.

In reality, he was salivating at the thought of the delicious meal he had with Jeremy back then in Zen Highlands. There was a hint of desperation in his voice.

Jeremy was slightly more reserved, but he replied too.

Henry knew nothing about Clarissa's cooking skills, but he knew she must be an excellent cook seeing how desperate Yarick was.

As Matthew's friends agreed to her suggestion, Clarissa took it seriously.

That very night, she told Matthew about it.

After listening to her explanation, Matthew gazed at her without a word. She couldn't stop herself from fidgeting uncomfortably under his intent gaze.

"W-What's wrong? Why are you staring at me?"

Clarissa couldn't understand his reaction. "Was I being presumptuous?" she inquired uneasily.

Taking her hand, Matthew pulled her into his arms.

As he pinched her earlobe gently, he uttered, "Clare, I'm your boyfriend. Am I that useless to you?"

"Huh?" Clarissa was confused.

Useless?

As Clarissa obviously didn't get it, Matthew's gaze darkened.

"Clare, I'm your boyfriend. Why did you ask other people for help instead of me?"

Oh, so he's jealous because I didn't ask for his help regarding the post that blew up on Twitter.

But that isn't a huge issue. Besides, Yarick and Jeremy offered to help. I couldn't reject them, could I?

I can't believe he's jealous over such a trivial matter. That was his conclusion?

Clarissa blinked and giggled out loud.

"Are you very happy?" Matthew demanded coolly. Obviously, he was upset as his girlfriend didn't ask for his help.

It didn't occur to her that I'm her boyfriend. That's important.

As he seemed to be brooding, Clarissa flashed him an appeasing smile.

"They offered to help in the group chat, so I didn't think much and thanked them for it. It's nothing big after all."

"Clarissa Quigley."

Matthew ignored her smile and insisted icily, "That isn't the problem. Are you aware that I'm your boyfriend? By right, you should only depend on me and ask for my help."

"Yes, you are. Of course."

Clarissa grinned and patted his chest to console him.

"My boyfriend is Matthew Tyson. That I know."

"You don't."

"I do. Don't worry. Next time, I'll ask for your help no matter what, alright? You can't blame me for disturbing you if you're busy at work."

Clarissa didn't want to disturb him as he was busy.

As his girlfriend, she thought she was being thoughtful.

Alas, the man clearly didn't think that way.

Matthew looked at her innocent gaze and harrumphed coldly.

Look, she's brushing me off with a smile and kiss. Does she think I'll let her off easily?

Matthew thought. Well, even if she throws herself at me, I won't back down easily.

A few minutes later...

Mm, if she is this willing every time and smooches me often or do even more, I might consider letting her off for disregarding me.

Clarissa had no idea what was going in Matthew's mind.

Even if she found out about his musings, she'd tag him as a drama king.

After that, Matthew even spoke up in the group chat because of this matter.

Matt: I'll take care of my girlfriend's problem.

Yarick sent a voice message: "Oh, my! Here comes Matt! What a miracle!"

Clarissa burst out laughing at Yarick's exaggerated and funny voice.

She fell into Matthew's arm while chuckling. The man grabbed the chance to wrap his arms around her.

Jeremy sent a voice message, too.

"Matt, I've already dealt with Clarissa's matter. Don't tell me you ordered someone to kick up a fuss again to deal with it again?"

Matt: Why not?

Yarick: Matt, you're so macho! That's impressive!

Chuckling lightly, Clarissa gave Matthew a slight push.

"Stop it. It's over. Why do you want to bring it up again? I promise I'll ask for your help no matter what, alright?"

"Uh-huh. Who else will you go to for help?"

Clarissa's lips curved up in amusement.

Planting a loud smack on the corners of his lips, she played along with him. "Yes, you're right. I'll be an obedient girlfriend."

Matthew placed his palm behind her head and brought her closer for an intimate French kiss.

Those in the group chat were still chatting and sending money to each other happily.

Normally, Clarissa would join in and accept the money transfer, but today, she didn't do so.

Yarick was puzzled: Where's Clarissa? She hasn't accepted my transfer yet. @Clarissa

After a long silence, Jeremy replied with a voice message: "Yarick, do you know what time it is?"

"8 p.m. What about it? I know what you're trying to say. But it's too early for sex, isn't it?"

"That's none of your business. Perhaps Matt and Clarissa like to start early. Can't they?"

"Fine, fine. Pfft, it's only 8 p.m. Well, they are working out after dinner. Sounds like a brilliant plan."

After what happened in Tyson Corporation previously, Shermaine disappeared entirely from the Tysons' life.

Even if she wanted to talk to them, the Tysons would refuse to see her.

Especially Margaret.

Margaret wanted Shermaine to be her daughter-in-law, but she was disappointed as Shermaine teamed up with the Wynters to take revenge on them as it didn't work out.

When that happened, Margaret was so furious she arranged plenty of blind dates for Matthew and forced her son to meet them all.

Later on, even if Matthew obliged and went, she realized this wouldn't do after she calmed down.

Margaret stopped arranging blind dates lest her relationship with her younger son turned sour.

She did everything for her son's sake, but Matthew had always been an uncontrollable one. For all these years, they had never been at odds. After Shermaine's incident, Margaret finally realized she wouldn't want to mess with her son.

Luckily, that was in the past. Even if Shermaine bombarded her phone every day to beg for forgiveness, there was no way Margaret would forgive her.

Right now, Margaret couldn't help but exhale loudly after hanging up on Shermaine.

Ellie was at home, which was a rare sight. After finding out Shermaine would call every day to beg for forgiveness, she was impressed.

Shermaine knows when to give in. I've got to hand it to her!

"Grandma, you don't like her, right? Why did you answer her call? That's a waste of your time. Besides, she's good at sweet-talking her way into your heart. What if you soften and forgive her? If she marries my uncle, the Wynters will do whatever they please in our family!"

Ellie was exaggerating, but she knew if she didn't phrase it that way, her grandma might cave in.

"I didn't forgive her. She told me it was all the Wynters' doing. After she found out about that, she told them to stop."

"You seriously trust her lies? Why don't you kick my uncle out and take her as your daughter?"

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"How can you speak like that, you silly girl? I was just saying it. It's not that I truly believe in it."

Ellie didn't believe her. Considering the years that Grandma has loved and cared for Shermaine, I doubt that she would really go hard on her.

Even if Grandma rejects her now, it's just a matter of time she'd start liking Shermaine again. That was the biggest fear Ellie had.

She said to Margaret, "It doesn't matter even if you accept her, Uncle Matt will never marry Shermaine. If you continue to do what you did in the past, I'm sure Uncle Matt will have fall out with you."

Ellie's strong words worried Margaret, causing her expression to dim.

"That's enough. Do you plan to keep criticizing me non-stop?"

"We aren't finding fault with you. We just don't want you to be deceived by Shermaine. Do you think that she's a saint? She's actually a devil in disguise!"

"All right, all right, I know what to do now." Feeling embarrassed, Margaret was getting rather upset with her granddaughter's comments.

With that, Ellie sulked and zipped her mouth.

Deep down in her heart, she wanted to proclaimed the existence of Clare to her grandmother.

However, she knew that she would only create more troubles for Clare and Matthew if others were to know about it.

Therefore, Ellie could only keep it as a secret for now.

In the evening, the Tysons were all present for dinner. As usual, Margaret dominated the conversation with her typical topics.

No one interrupted her. Matthew, on the other hand, ignored her completely.

Seeing that nobody responded to her, Margaret held a grudge in her heart and made her own conclusion.

When the men were chit-chatting, their topics revolved around business and politics.

"Matthew, I didn't expect you to collaborate with the Shaws."

There were some interactions between the Tysons and the Shaws. Occasionally, conflicts would arise between the two families.

This time, Matthew worked with the Shaws in order to teach the Wynters a lesson.

Matthias was generally not too bothered by it. It's such a pity for Matthew to venture into business. He would yield better success had he followed my footsteps into politics. In fact, he would surpass my achievements.

"Yes, I bumped into Thomas Shaw, so we talked about it. It's all for a win-win situation."

George remained composed, allowing his son to make decisions based on his own discretion.

Regardless of its outcome, the choice was his to make. Besides, he also had faith in both his sons to handle everything well.

When George and Margaret retired for the night, Matthew checked the time and then played with his phone.

Matthias let out a faint smile. "Patched up?"

Matthew looked at his elder brother.

"When you looked so sullen days ago, many thought that you were down because of the issue involving Shermaine. I felt otherwise. You're always very confident in all that you do, so that wasn't as big a deal to have affected you. The only exception is probably your relationship."

Matthew smirked and acknowledged. "Indeed."

Although Matthias had suspected so, hearing it directly from Matthew revealed the big picture. Not only did his acknowledgment confirm his relationship with that lady, but it also recognizes the fact that an indifferent man like Matthew is now affected by the opposite sex!

Even heroes had a soft spot for the charms of a beautiful woman. Matthew was no exception.

"Seems like you truly like her."

Keeping quiet, Matthew did not deny the statement.

“Well, I still have to say this. Her family background isn’t comparable to ours and you know that our mother won’t see her as the most ideal partner for you. Be prepared for the upcoming hardships if this is what you want.”

“Yes.” Another short reply by Matthew.

So, he’s admitted to the relationship?

After Matthias had connected the dots, he could not hold back his laughter. What a surprising outcome!

Soon, Matthew left the Tyson’s residence. Later that night, Matthias was reading on the bed while his wife, Yuliana, walked out of the bathroom. Drying her hair, she asked, “Did Matthew not inform you about his deal with the Shaws? Though it doesn’t bring you any disadvantage, but where’s the courtesy?”

“This is already in the past. How many times do you want to nag about this?”

“Do you even care if I continue to complain?”

“What is there to care about? Matthew should decide for his own marriage. We can’t expect him to manipulate his marriage in order to help us, can we? What does it make of me if I do that?”

“That’s not what I mean. I just feel it is unfair to you. Over the years, you two have been developing your own careers independently and we’ve never had any conflict. This time, Mom came meddling in Matthew’s affairs and he kicks a big fuss about it. Consequently, you’re the one who’s affected by this chaos. I’m just trying to set things right.”

“Isn’t it all fine now? After all, Matthew is helping me.”

“Tsk! If he didn’t, you’ll see no end to my grumbles.”

Getting into the bed, Yuliana looked at her phone and then asked her husband, “You told me about the girl whom Matthew likes. Have you seen her before? He hasn’t brought her home yet, is there any problem?”

“Hmm... that’s his private matter. I have no clue what’s in his mind.” Matthias did not want to reveal too much information and wreak havoc at home.

Neither of us should mention anything before Matthew does.

Yuliana shared her view, "Perhaps it's not a serious relationship but just a short-lived one. People around me are interested in his marriage. I don't usually suggest anything, but I do have a reliable candidate to introduce to him this time."

"Reliable candidate? Just let Mom handle this. Don't you interfere."

"No, listen, the girl is a new staff in our company. She's the department manager's sister-in-law."

Hearing that, Matthias instantly understood his wife's motive. Knitting his brows, he looked at her.

"Don't stare at me like that. I'm just bringing this up for your awareness. If you agree, I'll let Mom know. I won't involve you in this. The girl is really nice, good personality, and is very gentle. Do you know how many guys like her even without considering her backgrounds? How sure are you that Matthew won't fall for such a girl? No one can guarantee anything when it comes to love."

Remaining silent, Matthias continued reading his book.

After a long while, he switched off the lights and went to bed.

She interpreted his action and silence as a go-ahead.

The next day, Yuliana casually mentioned about her colleague to Margaret who took it seriously. Well, it's up to her now to arrange for the next step.

When Ellie and Clarissa met up to do some shopping, they also spoke about how Shermaine fooled Margaret.

Margaret seemed to have a soft spot for Shermaine, causing her to believe in everything the latter said. Why is she so muddle-headed?

Clarissa pondered over it. "She probably really likes Shermaine, right? After all, she's maintained an excellent relationship with your family since young. Also, she always keeps Old Mrs. Tyson company and makes her happy. So, she treats her like her own, be it as a daughter or a daughter-in-law. You'll understand her perspective if you put yourself in her

shoes. Which parent doesn't believe in their own child? Even if the child makes a mistake, the parent's anger is only temporary."

Ellie frowned. "Do you think Grandma will forgive Shermaine eventually?"

"I guess so?"

"Damn it..." Ellie cursed under her breath.

Clarissa chuckled. "Don't be sad over this. That's the bond that they have, it's not so easy to cut off ties."

"You still have the mood to laugh? You do know that your days are going to be tough if Grandma only likes Shermaine, right?"

"Why?"

"Yes, you, my Aunt Clare. My grandma who is also your future mother-in-law prefers another person as her daughter-in-law. Don't you think that's miserable? Relationships between in-laws are tough enough. However, I think the most challenging problem is when Uncle Matt announces that you two are an item and are planning to get married. I can't imagine how you're going to pull this through."

Clarissa smiled awkwardly. "Ellie, you think too far."

"Far? Is it?"

"Indeed. By the way, your uncle and I..." Clarissa faltered at a pragmatic issue. Will we ever get married?

She changed her mind and decided not to share that with Ellie. "I'm still young, so I'm not going to think so far ahead about my marriage. We will see. Let's go, we're here on a shopping spree. Don't talk about unhappy things. Oh... I've been eyeing this one handbag lately. Let's go check it out and then search for an overseas purchasing service to get it..."

Ellie tagged along and mumbled, "You're so lazy. Since you have so much time, why don't you travel to the country and buy? You can go on a holiday too. Shall we plan for an international trip?"

“Deal! I don’t dare to travel alone but we can go together.”

Both of them discussed when to go, where to go, and what to buy. However, the perfect vacation was later on disrupted by a possessive man.

An episode that would happen in the near future.

After shopping, they had dinner together.

Coincidentally, when they were about to dig in, they realized Matthew and Mavis were also present in the same restaurant.

It was Ellie who noticed him first. Initially, she wanted to cover up for him so that Clarissa would not be mad if she found out, but to no avail. Ellie had always been siding her. She nudged Clarissa and attempted to signal her with expression.

“What’s wrong?”

“Look over there, it’s Uncle Matt. He’s with...”

As Clarissa looked over at the direction, she was met by Mavis’ gaze.

Both of them froze for a moment. Mavis’ startled face gradually darkened. Has it not been for this girl, I could have enjoyed some alone time with Matthew the other day. Today, using work matter as an excuse has scored me some private moments with him. I have it all planned out. Why am I so unlucky to see this girl everytime?

Mavis prayed hard. Please don’t come spoiling my plan...

Her prayers probably did not reach the heavens because Clarissa gave her a cold smirk.

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Clarissa’s smile sent a cold chill down Mavis’ spine. Trying to hide, she quickly lowered her head in trepidation. She was worried that Clarissa might ruin her moments with Matthew.

Obviously, Clarissa's smile made Mavis feel uncomfortable as if it was an illusion of danger.

Clarissa took her time to sit down and eat whereas Ellie found Mavis' actions very strange.

"What's up? Do you know that woman?"

Clarissa feigned a smile. "Yes, I met her once." Then, she told Ellie the incident where she met Mavis.

After hearing the story, Ellie burst out into laughter. Things are getting interesting!

"Haha... No wonder she looks like she's afraid of you. She's probably worried that you're going to be a nuisance to her. Haha... That's so funny. I'm sure she's having ants in her pants now. Are you planning to do something?"

Although Clarissa had faith in Matthew's loyalty, she could not guarantee Mavis could contain her feelings for him. As a woman, she was disturbed by the thought and felt annoyed with it.

"No, it's not easy for a good looking guy and a pretty woman to have some time alone. It's not nice for me to interrupt, is it?"

"Tsk... I sense jealousy." Giggling, Ellie found it amusing to tease Clarissa.

Ellie was intrigued. We've been friends for many years and I've always imagined how she'll be like when she falls in love. This is really fun, especially when she's in love with Uncle Matt, one who always looks cool and unapproachable. I wonder what Uncle Matt is like when he pursues a woman.

As Ellie sank further in her imagination, she had goosebumps. Oh my, I can't imagine this!

When the girls had finished eating, the other table was still in the middle of their dinner.

Staying silent, Ellie was observing Clarissa. She looks like she's brewing something, I shall wait for some drama to unfold itself.

Clarissa powdered her nose, smiled sweetly, and rose to her feet. Ellie raised her brow and hurriedly followed suit.

As Mavis noticed that Clarissa was approaching them, her body stiffened and her face turned gloomy.

On the contrary, Matthew continued eating indifferently. He had his back on Clarissa, so he did not see her coming.

Coquettishly, Clarissa smiled as she stood by their table. There was a twinkle in her eye as well as a tinge of rebellious provocation.

Matthew's heart skipped a beat as he realized her intention.

"What a coincidence, Uncle Matthew and Ms. Lynch! We meet again," Clarissa greeted them in the loveliest and most pleasant voice ever, which sent tingles down Matthew's body.

Pfft... Standing behind her, Ellie felt so tormenting to suppress her emotions and hold back her laughter.

Controlling herself, she said "Hi Uncle Matt, Ms. Lynch."

Mavis was embarrassed. What sort of reaction is this from these two young ladies?

Matthew finally let out his first smile the entire night. It was a casual yet sexy and captivating smile, that Mavis almost jumped on him.

"Ellie, Clare..." he rolled his tongue and emphasized the R sound when he pronounced Clarissa's name.

Ignoring his little action and alluring smile, Clarissa said, "Excuse me, Uncle Matthew and Ms. Lynch, since we meet by chance, shall we leave together? Ellie and I took a cab here. If you don't mind, could we hitch a ride with you?"

Mavis bit her lips. This nasty girl does it on purpose! If the last meet-up was a coincidence, then it's surely planned this time.

She threw a sharp gaze at Clarissa. Have I ever offended her?

"Sorry, I'm afraid it's not convenient today. Your uncle and I still have some private matters to discuss," Mavis rejected her request.

Clarissa went along with it. She smiled and responded, "That's fine, we're not in a hurry, right, Ellie? We can wait for you both to settle your private affairs before going home. Please take your time."

"Oh... um... Yes, go ahead with your plan. We'll just wait over here. We promise not to disturb," Ellie chimed in. Let's see if Uncle Matt will do anything with Mavis.

Ellie stared at the trio with her big round eyes. Haha, I can't miss any moment of this melodrama!

Mavis could tell that the girl did it on purpose. It led her to believe it was also a deliberate act the last time.

But why? Was she instigated by Ellie? Perhaps Ellie doesn't like me being with her uncle? That's not entirely impossible. Mavis was puzzled.

Ignoring Clarissa, Mavis turned to Ellie who was standing behind her.

"Ellie, your Uncle Matt and I were classmates. Do you remember when I went to your house when you were little? You always wanted me to play with you."

"Haha... No, I don't remember. Anyhow, what happens between you and Uncle Matt has nothing to do with me. I'll mind my own business."

An ambiguous smile settled upon Ellie's face. Suddenly, her phone rang and she left to answer it, leaving the three at the table.

Seeing how comfortable Mavis looked, Clarissa raised a light smirk. "Ms. Lynch, do you mind if I sit here? Since you guys are still eating, I'll sit down and wait patiently for you."

Mavis furrowed her brows. "I do mind. Anyway, we're done. Let's go, Matthew."

Clarissa curled her lips smugly. "All right then, let's go, Uncle Matthew."

Matthew chuckled softly in a low voice.

Mavis was surprised to catch a scene which she had not seen before as he rarely smiled or laughed in front of her. Most of the time, it was just a slight movement on his lips and never such a charismatic laugh.

Mavis was stupefied as she looked at him admiringly.

Clarissa sulked at the sight, disliking that woman for staring at Matthew affectionately.

Matthew did not seem to notice the change in Clarissa's emotions. With a thin smile, he stood up, grabbed his jacket, and then replied lovingly, "Okay, we can go now."

Clarissa snorted before being the first to leave the table.

Mavis muttered in his ears, "Matthew, why don't you come over to my place tonight?"

When she was saying that, her expression and gesture conveyed a clear meaning of her intention.

Unfortunately, Matthew disregarded her invitation and replied with a grim face and a cold voice, "Let's go."

Mavis was confused if he had agreed to her suggestion.

The car was parked right outside of the restaurant. Clarissa was waiting at the entrance. She cast a sarcastic smile at them as they walked out together.

"It looks like you guys are really close. What secrets are you whispering to each other?"

Matthew could sense her jealousy through her flaming eyes.

It was not something he got to see daily, so he looked intently at her with great interest. Sensing his strange gaze, Clarissa scoffed at him, "What are you looking at? Uncle Matthew, you should go stare at your Ms. Lynch..."

"But I find you adorable, Clare."

"Matthew..." Mavis subconsciously called out to him, trying to get his attention.

His attitude worried her. Was it just me overthinking things or is there something going on between Matthew and the girl? Many speculations ran across her mind.

Ellie was nowhere to be found when the car arrived. Clarissa did not rush to secure a space at the back seat. Conversely, she took the passenger seat.

Kyle, the chauffeur, smiled at her. Deep down, he was praying hard for Matthew.

When everyone had gotten into the car, Matthew instructed, "Drop Ms. Lynch off first."

Mavis' heart wrenched whereas Clarissa fell silent. The atmosphere in the car was riddled with tension.

When the car arrived at Mavis' apartment, she was not very willing to get off the car.

She hoped to keep Matthew for the night, but the chance was slim considering his cold attitude.

At that moment, Clarissa turned to the back seat with a bright smile on her face. "Uncle Matthew, don't you have something to discuss with Ms. Lynch in private? Why don't you follow her upstairs? I can wait here with Mr. Davis until you're done. I'm not busy so I have all the time in the world to wait for you."

Completely baffled, Mavis did not know how to react to that. What's her intention? Is she helping me to get Matthew upstairs?

She looked at him with the hopes that he would answer in affirmative. To everyone's surprise, Matthew said, "Goodbye, Mavis. Clare and I do have some private matters to sort out."

"What?"

"Hehe... Uncle Matthew is just joking. Bye, Ms. Lynch. Goodnight and sweet dreams." Clarissa turned her head to the front as soon as she finished her sentence and kept quiet since then.

After dilly-dallying for a while, the perplexed and confused Mavis had no choice but to get off the car and walked back to her apartment.

In the car, Matthew gave the angry girl an order. "Come over here."

"No, the view is nicer here. I like to sit in front."

Feeling somewhat furious, his thin lips curled up.

“Clare!”

She could hear the sternness in his voice.

Mumbling to herself, she got off the car and reluctantly got on the back seat.

As soon as she entered the car, he stretched out his arm and pulled her into his embrace. Holding her head, he bowed and nibbled on her lips. When she started to moan in pain and with dissatisfaction, he finally stopped while still hugging her tightly.

“Clare, do you really wish that I have something private to do with another woman? Hmm? Will you agree to that?”

Bristled, she cupped her mouth with her hands while giving him a deadly stare.

“Does it matter whether I agree? I didn’t say yes to you having dinner with Ms. Lynch. Yet you both did exactly that, didn’t you?”

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“Tsk... “

So, she is really jealous.

Matthew gave a little chuckle and loosened Clarissa’s hands. He comforted her by brushing his lips with hers lightly.

“Clare, that was just a social activity. I happened to be with her after work. So, it is actually just work. However, since you’re not happy about it, I won’t be alone with her again in the future. It won’t happen anymore, I promise. Anything you say, OK?”

Matthew's lips almost touched hers as he spoke. Clarissa was melted by his deep and sexy tone. Her body couldn't help but tremble in response to the sensation she felt flushing through her.

Deep down, Clarissa had already given in to him, but she was stubborn and reluctant to admit it.

"Hmph! Will you do as I say? Are you sure you can be so obedient? Anyway, I wouldn't even know if you hadn't done as I say. It so happened that I bumped into you guys today. Else, I bet you had already followed her upstairs. Huh... "

Clarissa didn't carry on speaking but her intention was quite obvious.

"So you don't trust me?"

Clarissa twitched her lips without saying a single word. She turned her gaze away from looking at Matthew.

He couldn't help but let out a sigh softly. He moved her face so that she was facing him, then he came closer to Clarissa.

"Clare, since you don't trust me, why not you follow me to work from tomorrow onwards? Anyway, you only need your laptop for work. You can work anywhere you want, right? Just follow me everywhere I go, okay? So, I will be able to see you anytime, anywhere."

"No."

"I think this works and it's such a great idea."

The more he thought about it, the happier he was. The thought of having Clarissa with him every day got him really excited. Although he couldn't literally have her in his pocket, it was still a good idea to be able to see her in person.

If it was possible, he would like to place a small desk in his office, the chair definitely had to be comfortable for her to sit in. A massage chair was also necessary in order to prevent backache from sitting for too long. Besides, he had to prepare her favorite snacks and drinks as well...

Matthew couldn't stop himself from imagining things, as if it was really happening. At the same time, he even started discussing with Clarissa about it.

"What color do you like your desk to be? What kind of material do you want? How about a solid wood desk? Or do you prefer something else? It has to be custom made based on your height, so it is more comfortable for you to sit in. Apart from that..."

"Wait, stop right there!"

Clarissa couldn't stand it anymore. He had completely gone off the topic.

What wishful thinking! Matthew spoke as if she wasn't mad anymore.

Clarissa pouted. "Stop it. I'm not going to follow you to work. Don't you get tired of seeing each other everyday?"

"Oh really?"

The gaze in Matthew's eyes turned slightly cold, staring at her with a dangerous smile on his face. "Are you tired of seeing me, Claire?"

"I'm not tired of seeing you. I was just saying that we might get tired someday if we keep seeing each other too often. Won't you get bored of me being in your sight all the time? You probably won't get bored so soon. But try to imagine when it happens every seconds, won't you get tired of me?"

"Of course, I won't!"

Don't miss his self-confidence.

As for Clarissa, she wasn't so confident about that. As days go by, the novelty would wear off eventually. Sometimes, people even got bored of seeing the person with who they were closest, let alone their lover.

Else, there wouldn't be such thing as "the seven year itch". Perhaps, she didn't even need seven years. A couple of months was enough for her to feel itchy.

Why is Matthew so confident though?

But, she didn't say a thing. Nevertheless, he seemed to know what was on Clarissa's mind.

After all, she still didn't trust him wholeheartedly.

Matthew felt a little angry. However, it was pointless explaining further to her. She was not going to believe him anyway.

Action speaks louder than words. He might as well just prove it to her with his actions.

As for now, he kissed her on the lips without further ado.

It was early in the morning, but Clarissa was woken by Ellie's phone call.

Ellie was very excited on the other end of the phone.

"How was it? What exactly happened last night? Did you declare war on that woman? Did you guys fight? Or you delivered a knockout blow? How did her facial expression look like? Did she turn pale? Haha... I'm getting excited just thinking about it. Actually, I wanted to follow you guys to have a look last night, but I thought it wasn't a good idea for me to tag along. That was why I left. I was up all night wondering what happened to you. Come on, spit it out! How did it go? Clare? Clarissa? Can you hear me? Hello?"

Ellie wasn't able to hear from Clarissa as her mouth was sealed with Matthew's kiss.

It was already half an hour later when Ellie heard from Clarissa again, after Matthew finally got out of bed.

Ellie was smirking on the other side of the phone when Clarissa returned her call.

"Haha... You don't have to explain. I get it. I totally get it... "

Clarissa twitched her lips and blushed. She took a glare at Matthew who was just came out of the bathroom.

"What does that mean? My phone was dead."

"Mm-hmm. Can you at least come up with a better excuse? I don't think I can buy your excuse. Does that sound convincing to you?"

Ellie laughed out loud, "Oh, come on. Stop giving excuses. They're all nonsense. It's better if you just tell me what happened last night."

"What do you think? Nothing happened. After sending her home, I was so generous for letting them carry on where they left off earlier. Sadly, they decided not to do anything. It's a shame that they missed out on such a good opportunity!"

Clarissa spoke with a hint of jealousy in her voice.

Matthew happened to hear everything as soon as he got dressed from the dressing area.

He buttoned up his sleeves while walking towards the bedside. Then, he sat on the bed and tried to hold her with his arms. Without saying anything, he expressed his intention with his handsome face. He raised his brows and looked at her.

Clarissa hurriedly corrected herself, "Haha... Actually, I was just kidding."

Ellie never stopped laughing on the other end. "Did Uncle Matt dare to do anything crazy when you were there with him?"

Matthew pinched her cheeks gently. He smiled slightly and got up to leave the bedroom when he saw the frightened look on Clarissa's face.

Clarissa heaved a sigh of relief. Finally, she could lie in bed lazily and talk with Ellie.

"Nothing actually happened last night. We got back to Zen Highlands soon after sending the woman back. Just look at you. You are all excited, huh? Were you expecting me to get into a fight with her? Have you ever seen me fighting with anybody?"

"Well, that's true. Hey, you're way too kind. If I were you, I would definitely slapped her in the face. How dare she seduce my man? It's time to teach her a lesson... "

"Wow, you are Wonder Woman. That's very brave of you. I'm not going to do that."

"Tsk. Clare, let me know if something like this happen again in the future. I've got your back. You're my Aunt Clare. After all, we're family!"

"Stop it. Don't speak too soon. By the way, I think I saw you getting into a patrol car last night before I left. Was it your friend? Or something happened again?"

There shouldn't be anything happening. After all, they were together for the whole night. Thus, nothing could happen to Ellie in that few minutes.

Clarissa didn't see it clearly at that time. She wasn't so sure if that was indeed Ellie.

She was just casually asking as it suddenly came in her mind.

However, Ellie seemed to be hesitating. She stuttered. "Hmm, it's just a friend. Well, I-I got to go."

After that, she hung up the call hurriedly.

Clarissa was still holding her phone and trying to figure out what happened. She had no idea what was going on.

However, she was a little suspicious of Ellie's reaction.

After a while, Clarissa finally got up from bed and went downstairs. Meanwhile, Matthew was just about to go out.

He hugged and kissed her before leaving.

"Are you really not coming with me?"

Clarissa curled her lips and pushed Matthew's face away. She couldn't help but think of the way he treated her in his office previously. Of course, she rejected his offer without any hesitation.

"I'm not going."

She knew that Matthew was not going to behave himself.

Thus, Matthew chuckled softly. He pinched her cheeks and asked. "Okay. How about you bring me lunch?"

"No way."

There was another rejection from Clarissa.

Matthew's eyes darkened. She quickly explained, "Hmm, I have an appointment with someone this afternoon."

"With who?"

"With Yael. We have to look for a studio. I haven't found a place for studio staff to work. We have been communicating online at our respective homes. I don't think that's something good in the long run. Well, as a boss, I have to organize all these things. I cannot rely on Yael all the time."

"Renting a studio?"

Matthew lost in thoughts for a while. He then murmured in acknowledgment without saying much. After a kiss, he finally headed for work.

After breakfast, Clarissa waited for Yael in a café. Meanwhile, she was searching for a suitable place to rent on the internet. The location for the studio shouldn't be too remote. Hence, she must have a relatively high budget for the rental, especially in D City. She felt as if her heart was bleeding, just by seeing the rental rate in that city.

Soon, Yael arrived. Clarissa hurriedly said, "Yael, it took me quite a long time to finally found a place. I think that is pretty much what we're looking for. Let's have a look, ok?"

"That's fine. I've found you a place. It's definitely going to be a perfect fit. You don't have to look for it anymore."

"Oh? Really? Am I dreaming? That's great! Thank you so much, Yael! Let's go and check the place out."

"Let's go."

Yael fetched Clarissa. Not long after, both of them arrived at Tyson Corporation's building.

After getting off the car, Clarissa stared at Yael with a confused look.

Yael shrugged. "Well, since we're here, let's just have a look. Undoubtedly, this is the perfect location. The cost should be slightly higher, but I think you will get a good bargain from the owner. Besides, can you manage to find another location that is better than here? You're the

one who has the final say on your own studio. Putting everything else on one side, well, here is an opportunity knocking at our door, we should just grab it.”

“Hmm... Alright then.”

Clarissa smiled resignedly.

“So... Let’s take a look upstairs?”

Clarissa nodded her head. Then, they went up by the elevator.

They were on the third floor. Any random room on that floor was almost three hundred square feet. The space was more than enough for the few of them. The view was amazing, and it was a good environment. Besides, it was even fully furnished, including some basic office equipment. They could just add on some other furniture and fixture that they wanted later on.

That is just perfect!

Yael took a glaze at Clarissa, and she smiled in response.

Yael kept on looking at Clarissa. She was confused. After a while, she finally asked, “What’s wrong?”

“Such a perfect studio with an affordable price. In fact, it’s almost free of charge. Are you not going to express your gratitude towards the owner of this place?”

Clarissa’s face instantly turned red. Before she could response, Yael said, “I’ll make my move first. You can contact him directly, or walk around upstairs.”

After Yael left, Clarissa finally gave Matthew a call.

“Hello?”

Matthew sounded lazy on the line, as if he had already expected to receive a call from Clarissa.

“Clare, you’re here? Come upstairs. I’m waiting for you.”

# You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

## Chapter 150

Matthew spoke as if he already knew Clarissa was going to be there.

She curved her lips into a smile, but she didn't go upstairs instantly.

She kept wandering around the room. Finally, she walked over to the window and said with a smile.

"Mr. Tyson, thanks for your generosity. May I know how much the rent for such a nice office is?"

Wow, is she planning to be businesslike?

Matthew raised his brows and curled his lips. He smirked, "Rent? Just repay me with your body."

Clarissa snorted and answered. "No way. I'm being serious here. Please give me a reasonable rental rate based on the market price."

"Haha... Clare, stop fooling around. I'm afraid that it's going to burn a hole in your wallet."

Matthew was actually telling the truth. Clarissa twitched her lips in response. That's true.

"How about... are you offering any discount?"

"Hmm... Discount? That won't make any difference either."

"Fine. This place is only for the rich. I get it. You don't have to keep emphasizing."

Even it was quite difficult for Clarissa to accept the fact willingly, she still got to admit that Matthew was loaded. He was filthy rich. He was totally on another whole new level.

To be frank, Clarissa would reach where he was in her life as she was nowhere close.

The rent was too high for her. She couldn't even afford it.

However, she felt uncomfortable for not paying a single penny.

Also, she didn't want to be the drama queen to make Matthew bring down the price.

Clarissa just stood there hesitantly and silently, struggling to figure out a better idea.

Meanwhile, Matthew had already expected that Clarissa wouldn't go upstairs to see him. Therefore, he might as well come downstairs on his own.

Obviously, Clarissa was being absent-minded. She didn't even notice that Matthew was there already. She was drawing circles on the glass window while listening to Matthew over the phone.

"Clare, what's your concern? We can come to office and go home together if you work here. Doesn't that sound perfect to you?"

What a perfect plan.

Clarissa pouted as she thought about the rent.

"Matthew, do you think I can be a billionaire in a few years? Maybe I can repay you the rent by then."

Clarissa thought that might motivate her to work harder.

Matthew chuckled softly. "That's likely to happen. You're a smart girl. I don't see any problem with you becoming a billionaire."

"Really?"

Matthew's words made her feel confident instantly. He had cheered her up in some way. "I'll give you an IOU for the rent then. I will definitely repay you after I have enough money. Of course, that will include the interest and whatever cost."

Matthew did not answer. Clarissa added, "I'm serious! Can you at least say something? I'm not very rich now, but we are allowed to have dreams, right? I'm thinking, what if my dream comes true?"

“Matthew?”

“Say something... “

Matthew was standing behind Clarissa. He put down his phone and reached out his hands to her. Suddenly, he carried Clarissa from her back and turned her body around to face him.

He couldn't help but smiled slightly when he saw the frightened look on Clarissa face and her angry gaze.

He didn't say anything. He lifted her chin up to kiss her lips. However, Clarissa stared him in the eyes, as if she was going to eat him alive.

Matthew continued laughing and kissed her. Meanwhile, Clarissa pressed her lips tightly. She wouldn't let Matthew kiss her.

Matthew put another hand around her waist and pulled her body against his. When Clarissa was forced to raise her head, he kissed her harshly. Clarissa had no choice but to open her mouth because of the pain.

“Mmm... “

Clarissa could only gave a little whimper. In the end, Matthew pinned her closer to his body and locked his lips with hers.

After a long while, he finally let go of Clarissa. After that, he nibbled the corner of her mouth and cheek, finally, he sucked her earlobes gently. He didn't do anything further after that kiss.

Clarissa pushed him in the chest and started complaining about her dissatisfaction.

“How long have you been here? Why don't you say anything? Are you trying to give me a heart attack? Are you trying to scare me to death so you can inherit my credit redemption point?”

“What is that?”

Matthew had no clue what she was talking about.

Clarissa couldn't help but burst into laughter. She pounded on his chest and finally cooled herself down.

Then, she leaned against the window and pulled his collar, pouting. "Uncle Matthew. Mr. Tyson. Mr. President. Will you let me write you an IOU, please?"

The way she whined totally turned him on, his whole body was reacting.

Clarissa felt it instantly. She blushed as red as a cherry and frowned. "Y-You... "

Matthew smiled innocently and raised his brows. "Clare. As you see, you make such a huge impact on my life. Don't ever underestimate yourself."

"Get off me! I'm being serious here. Let's get back to the topic. Matthew, why do you have to be like this whenever I'm trying to be serious? How annoying is that!"

Clarissa was really angry now.

Clarissa widened her eyes and stared at Matthew with an intense gaze, as if she could calm him down and take things seriously.

Fine!

He would try to be serious for her sake.

"Okay. Let's get to the point. Do you have any good idea?"

Clarissa spoke in a muffled voice, "Anyway, I don't want to take advantage of you."

Matthew touched her face gently and pinched her ears.

"You're not taking advantage of me. Clare, I'm happy to help you. Besides, what's mine is yours in the future, isn't it?"

"But... "

"There is no but! I haven't bought you a present since we got together."

“How could this be a present? Besides... mmm... ”

She wanted to refute but Matthew kissed her again for quite a while. Matthew had made up his mind and no further discussion was allowed.

“Stop talking. Else, I will kiss you every time you open your mouth.”

Clarissa’s lips were sealed, she couldn’t even speak. In the end, she had no choice but to accept this studio for free.

But of course, even Matthew decided to do so, Clarissa wouldn’t accept it without paying.

Anyway, she was thinking to herself.

Clarissa was distracted by her thoughts. So, Matthew led her into the elevator and went up to the CEO office.

Clarissa’s impression of that office was not a good one. Back in the day when she was still working there, Matthew would get handsy with her whenever she was in his office.

Hence, she pushed Matthew away instantly the minute she stepped in. She put her guard up and ran towards the sofa on the other side.

“Don’t worry about me. You can continue to do your work. I’ll just have a seat for a while. I still have to buy some stuff for my office.”

Matthew didn’t go back to his chair. He stood still, with his hands in the pocket. He looked like a beautifully painted portrait.

Clarissa blinked her eyes, she smiled as she turned away.

“What are you looking at?”

“You don’t want to be with me?”

“No. It’s not like that. We have to work during daytime. And you’re so busy. I don’t want to disturb your work.”

Then, she cupped her hands and put on a bright smile. "Am I a thoughtful girlfriend?"

Matthew smiled while shaking his head. "Come over. You can leave after kissing me."

"Really?"

Clarissa's eyes glowed upon hearing his words. She asked and jumped up at the same time. Without hesitation, she quickly jogged towards Matthew and looked up at him.

Matthew would definitely nod his head.

Meanwhile, Clarissa grinned delightfully. She tiptoed and gave him a kiss on the lips.

"Alright. I'll get going then."

Right after she turned around, Matthew pulled her back again. He wasn't expecting just a simple kiss like that. He felt that Clarissa was brushing him off. He definitely wanted more than that.

Anyway, her lips were red and swollen when she left. She wanted so badly to wear a mask. How embarrassing!

A sense of guilt rose inside her, as if she had done something bad.

Finally, the office was no longer a problem anymore. She felt as if a weight had been lifted off her chest.

From now on, she was indeed a boss with her own studio. @clarissa.quigley was not only just an online writer but one with a studio.

She didn't know what she was going to do specifically. But, thank goodness her staff were so capable.

Since it was such great news that she had finally found a place for her studio, Clarissa grabbed the opportunity to treat her staff to a meal. There was another three more staff other than Yael. They decided to have hotpot at an Asian restaurant.

Meanwhile, the three of them finally got the chance to get acquainted with Clarissa during dinner.

They were Christian, Mandy and Rocky. They were about the same age as Clarissa, and all of them were young and had some working experiences before.

Christian and Mandy went to college in D City. Thus, they stayed in the city after graduation. Meanwhile, Rocky was local.

Rocky reevaluated their boss for having a studio in Tyson Corporation's building because it was such a good location.

As for Christian, he was more straightforward. "Clarissa, it must cost you a fortune to rent an office there. You must be loaded!"

Clarissa was feeling a bit shy, she replied humbly with a smile.

"No. My friend referred it to me. The owner offered me discount as well."

"Clarissa, I was a huge fan of @clarissa.quigley before I met you in person. I didn't think that you'd be so pretty! In my opinion, you look just like those female leads in your novel. I think you can definitely pull off those characters on your own."

Mandy was an avid reader of romance novels. She admired Clarissa so much, to the extent of being familiar with every script that she had written.

Meanwhile, Rocky remained silent all this while. He was not talkative, but he was very capable as well.

They weren't being selected by Yael for no reason.

They got closer throughout the dinner.

They went to a pub for a drinking session after dinner. The pub was having a karaoke night on that day. Yael even went on stage to show off her singing skill. The rest just sat there and listened to her. They were all having fun.

After a while, Clarissa picked up a call from Matthew.

Matthew heard the loud music from the other end of the phone. He frowned slightly, "Is it over yet?"

“Yes. We’re almost done here.”

“Ok. I’ll pick you up then.”

“It’s fine. We’ll take a taxi... “

“Clare... “

Matthew sounded domineering and bossy.

Clarissa answered resignedly, “Fine. I’m at XX. Give me a call when you’re here.”

After she hung up the call, Yael asked instantly before she could say anything.

“Your man is coming to pick you up?”

“Oh? Clarissa has a boyfriend? Come on, ask him to join us.”

Mandy asked curiously, she wanted so bad to meet the boyfriend of her role model. Could he be as handsome and charming as those male leads that Clarissa had ever written?